Porto g. G. auditor Vision

# DEMOCRATIC

Vol. 19, No. 33.

RAVENNA, O., THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1887.

WHOLE No. 969.

## **JENKINS**

-DEALERS IN-

Furniture. Glassware.

Crockery Lamp Goods. Silver Ware,

We are now prepared to offer the public a floe line of the above described goods in all of the latest patterns and designs, and of different grades to meet all the requirements of the trade, which we are selling at the lowest possible prices.

Come and seams and be convinced.

We shall be pleased to show you our goods, whether you wish to buy or not.

New Goods arriving daily.

Undertaking in all its details.

We have secured the services of the popula Undertaker, MR. A. B. FAIRCHILD, who will

JENKINS & COLLINS.

Great Public Sale

FINE BRED HORSES, SHORT HORN CATTLE.

SHROPSIRE-DOWN SHEEP. HAVING leared my farm, I will offer at pub-Sale, on Thursday, March 31, 1887, Thursday, March 31, 1887, at my residence one mile north of liavenna on the Shalersville road, the following described property: 7 thoroughbred and 3 grade short horn caws, 4 two-year old steers, 3 two-year old helters, 7 yearlings and one thoroughbred yearling sh at horn bull sired by Shiner (Vol. 25 A. H. R.), dam Hope 6th by grand duke of Mitchell, (tu I nedgree will be given on day of sele.) About 14 head of thoroughbred and grade Shrapshiredown sheep and 7 very line thoroughbred bucks, one pair Ferch rom marks 6 and 10 years old, n first class team for any kind of heavy verk; I three-year old bay Stallion, an elegant coit, large and handsome, sir d by Peermont full bedder to Fledmont, record 2175, dam by Day der (thoroughbred; 1 bey) enteling by Fig. Wilson a very handsome and strosh divergers and a games, a line driver.

not so paid, interest from once of sate, Mar 31, D87. JAMES REYNOLDS P. H. Bran & Sox, America.

Business Cards. Marie Contract Contract Contract

J. H. NICHOLS. attorney at Law and Notary Public. Office in Phenix Block over Second National Bank, Ravenna, Ohio.

A TTORNEY AT LAW, Counsel in Roglish and German. Office over F. h's Gothing Store, Phenix Block, Ravenna,

A TTORNEY AT LAW, RAVENDA, Office in Blackstone Block, North Che aut Street, Ravenna, Ohio I. H. PHELPS

TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office over Balbing & Ann-ne's, Main St., Ravenus, Ohlo. A. W. BEMAN.

Stormey at Law. OFFICE, No. 2608 Broadway (18th Ward), Cleveland, Ohio. 772

A. N. FARR, OTARY PUBLIC, Mantua, O. Conveyancing, Collections and Pension Busicose promptly attended to on the most reason able terms, I. T. SIDDALL,

torney at Law. Office in Phenix Block. E. Y. LACEY, TTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY

Office with M. STUART, North Chestauts C. D. INGELL, TTORNEY AT LAW and Notary Public Office in over Mrs. Smith's Milli-Store' Mantua Station, Ohio.

E. W. MAXSON, storney and Counselor at Law possesses superior facilities for making collections in all parts of the United States. Office over First National Bank, Garrettsville, Ohio,

J. WAGGONER, M. D. Phenix Block, Residence, corner of Main and Prospect Streets, Ravenus, Ohio. Office hours: 8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 9 p.m. C. L. BELDEN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—Office at Residence. King street, first door south or

M. G. McBRIDE, M. D., Momeopathic Physician and Surgeon.

Junior in Poe's Block, over Grocery of E. A.

Vann'ss,

Estimates on Cleveland Avenue, 5th residence
North of Bowery street. 8.7

G. M. PROCTOR, M. D., Physician and Surgeon

SHALERSVILLE, OHIO. Will attend to all calls in the line of his profes-atou, both day and night.
Omco, one door East of Shalersville Exchange
Botch. \$18-17

W. W. WHITE, M. D., Physician and Suite in the Eastended Phenix B. sh. in the law and O. Residence, on Fact Since with sino, first house sents of E. in.

C. H. GRIFFIN.

PETER FLATH. Diothter and Werch at Estlor, Hais, Caps and Furnish the Phrnix Block, Main three, Ravence, Chile See 18, 1990-17 FURENT PAR O ROUSE

WANTED- TO BUY.

E. Y. LACKY,

Attorney at Law

KAVENHA, OBIO

DENSION C Pension Claims successfully prosecute

Call on or address

## RISDONTTAYLOR

Gift Novelties, Etc. 16 16: Granulated Sugar for

COME AND SEE US.

Bargains,

Bargains!

## -CLOTHINC =

A still greater cut into our already low prices, to close out our stock of

Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's

# Winter Clothing

consisting of Overcoats, Fur Caps, Gloves, Mittens, and in fact everything in this line.

### REMEMBER.

We have constantly on hand a large stock of son? Stiff and Soft Fur and Wool Hats, Caps, as well as Plain and Fancy Shirts, Underwear, Hosiery, Neckwear, Linen Collars and Cuffs, Handkerchiefs of all kinds. Also, a large line of Trunks, Valises, Traveling Bags, &c., at the very lowest figures.

AND DON'T FORGET That we have the

Largest Stock of Foreign and Domestic Woolens

for Custom Work in the County; that we will guarantee both Fit and Workmanship, as well release him, and it is not far to San Pablo. Give Francisco's compliments as Trimmings, and at prices that can't be beat. to the alcalde. Adios. senor, adios!"

P. FLATH

## Shoe Trade Booming! Things Becoming Lively!

Our PRICE are LOWER than Ever!

We're not going to sing you an old song, nor Men. women and children rushed pell-20.000 or 25.000 FERT OF BASSWOOD Give you any old chestnuts, but we're going to

### Give You Solid Goods!

which can't be disputed. If you don't believe it, call and examine them.

FRANK MCTYE. Three Doors East of Town Hull.

The empty house is sad, and dark, and still, But by, the shore and o'er the fair, green hill I hear the echoing laugh and voices shrill Of fittle ones at play.

And sitting lonely thus t watch the glow. The grand sun-setting—ah, we have it so, When, in its light, we met so long ago—We met and kissed one day.

My heart beats fast, but stilt no ron calls— Only a rostle in the dim, wide halls Where ghostly curtains sway. If from their depths you should come

night.
And, touching mouth and eyes with kisses light. Could heal my wounds and give me life and sight. What would I dare to say?

Could I dare tell thee of the weary years.

Bereft of joy, the eyes grown dim with tears,
The fainting heart bowed down with bitter
fears? This only could I say.
Only the four fond words, "Liove thee still!"
With all a woman's dower of strength and

While life shall last, while pulses throb and I love thee, as that day. Ah me! no whisper wakes, no kisses fall, Only the shadows fill the darkening hall; Thou art at rest, and I, in Life's sad thrall, Must work, and weep, and pray. When all the long, sad years have past me

Shall silver locks shine once again as gold, Shall I be young who have grown tired When we shall meet—one day?
—Mary Riddell Corley.

THE RED SCAR.

When I found myself stranded, so to speak, in the heart of Yucatan I was rather pleased than otherwise.

I had been writing up the quaint old ruins of that strange land for a New York paper, and had turned my face homeward, when I received a letter | that in Yucatan a prisoner, when he requesting me to wait at San Pablo for future instructions.

San Pablo interested me. It was a sleepy old Spanish village, with a big cathedral, a plaza with the usual collection of adobe houses around it, and a background of snow-capped mountains rising boldly from a landscape of torrid summer heats.

It was here that I met with the most puzzling experience of my life. I was returning from a solitary ride among the hills. The declining sun warned me that darkness would overtake me if I did not make haste, but as I could see in the distance the massive towers of the eathedral. I felt no un-

At one place my lonely road or mule dergrowth that I was unable to see take it as a favor if the court would anything but a tangled mass of foliage and vines. "A good place for an ambush." I

The idea impressed me so that I spurred my mule, but, to my surprise, the usually docile animal stood stock

of the ravine, but it seemed to be at As I halted, on account of my mule's

bstinacy, the command was unneces-Stand aside." I shouted, "and let

Just then I saw protruding out of the ashes in front of me the muzzle of an old-fashioned blunderbuss, a flint-lock reapon in very general use in Yucatan. A shudder ran down my spinal col-umn. I was unarmed, and the binnderbuss was about the size of a small Resistance was not to be cannon. thought of. "I surrender!" I cried to my unseen

"The senor is sensible," said the man with the big guy, as he leaped

into the road. A rapid but close scrutiny of my captor showed me a young man of medium height, whose lithe, sinewy figure indicated exceptional activity and strength. He wore a nomespun cotton suit, and the face under his sombrero had the brown tinge common to all the Yucatanese who were of mix-ed Spanish and Indian blood. The man's right temple was disfigured by a peculiar sear, shaped like a crescent and of fiery red color. Beyond this sear there was nothing remarkable about his face. He had regular features, thin, cruel lips and restless eyes

like beads of jet. "I will hold up my hands and you can go through me," said 1, pleasant-"You don't want the mule, do

"The senor is wrong. I do want the mule," replied the robber, in a quiet, self-possessed tone. "The senor will have the kindness to dismount and hold up his hands."

As there was no use in wasting words, I obeyed without objection. The robber with a quick jerk drew my hands behind me and pinioned them with a strip of rawhide. Then he bound me seenrely to a tree. After finishing these preliminaries he emptied my pockets of the loose silver in

"Is that all, senor?" he asked, in deep disgust.

"All I have," I answered. "The senor has my sympathy," said the raseal, with a vicious grin, the mule is something."

The robber turned my steed to the right about and jumped into the saddle. "Let the senor be patient," he said as he rode off. . Some traveler will Pablo. Give Francisco's compliments And waving his hand he disappeared around a bend in the road.

So this was the noted highwayman. Francisco, for whose head the Governor had offered a heavy reward! There was consolation in the thought. No one would blame me for surrendering to a dare-devil who was considered a match for any three men in

But my train of thought was soon interrupted in a pleasant manner. Francisco had been gone perhaps a quarter of an hour when a muleteer made his appearance leading his little burro along the narrow path. Hailing the stranger I induced him to cut my bonds and release me. The muleteer told me that I escaped lightly. He gave Francisco a very black character. "If this place had not been in sight of San Pablo," said he, "the cut-throat would have killed you."

The next morning the little town of San Pablo was in a state of eruption. mell through the streets uttering wild yells. I looked out of the window several times, but could not make up my mind whether it was a revolution or a

I threw myself on the bed and tried with a bevy of his retainers and pulled me into a sitting posture. "The senor's commands have been obeyed," said the alcalde, excitedly.

obeyed, said the alcalde, excitedly.

"It matters not," said the alcalde. got, Rastus. Am it dry picked? Rased, and will be tried before me at ed, and will be tried before me at and imprisoned on a warrant against wery hard when I picked dat bird once. But we need the senor's tenti- one, nor can a warrant be issued New York Sun.

mony. Without the senor we can do

nothing."
It took me almost no time to dress and accompany the little brown alcalde and his browner alguazils to the pretentious stone edifice on the plaza called the palace of justice.

I had never seen a criminal trial in a Mexican court, and everything was new to me. The alcalde presided with great dignity. He was assisted by a prosecuting officer, and several advocates, as they call their lawyers, were also on hand. The court-room was filled with a crowd of eager spectators, all talking, swearing and shaking their fists at the prisoner. The robber, Franeisco, was the most unconcerned looking man in the crowd. Surrounded by alguazils, he was not handcuffed, and when he saw me he smiled and made

The proceedings dragged all through the weary day. My limited knowledge of the language made it impossible for me to follow everything that was said, but I understood that an effort was being made to prové an alibi. Three men, with rather honest faces, swore that at 6 o'clock on the previous evening they had imbibed pulque with Francisco at a little village twenty miles west of San Pablo. If they told the truth, of course my robber could not have been Francisco.

me a polite bow.

It irritated me to see so much importance attached to the alibi and to my case, because I had been led to believe that the prisoner would be held anyhow, as he was wanted for other crimes, and a big reward had been offered for him, I was told, however, demands a trial, must be tried or released inside of twelve hours. In order to hold him, therefore, the San Pablo authorities had to make the most of

my evidence. The alibi business worried the old alcalde not a little. The three witnesses who swore to meeting Francisco on the afternoon before were reputable men. On the other hand, I was a stranger and an American. Several times during the day I was recalled to the stand and examined and cross examined. The utmost courtesy characterized the examination, but it had a latitude that would not have been permitted in an American court. Frequently a spectator would interrupt with a question or make a suggestion path skirted a deep ravine, which was to the alcalde. Once Francisco reso choked up with a thick, scrubby unmarked that he was tired and would

> hurry up. Toward the close of the day I saw a man on the outskirts of the spectators whose face and manner attracted my attention. He was the very image of Francisco, the prisoner.

I changed my position so as to get a better view. The resemblance was wonderfully striking. The man wa The voice rang out from the depth's just Francisco's age, height, size, and complexion. His sombrero shaded his right temple and prevented me from seeing whether it bore the peculiar car which distigured the robber. His costume was the same as Francisco's but, as nearly everybody wore homespun of the same color and pattern, this did not excite my surprise. "If he has the scar," "he could pass anywhere for Francisco. It would be impossible to tell then

Naturally I began to understand the The men who swore they saw the highwayman twenty miles away from the scene of his crime at the very moment he was tying my hands might onestly be mistaken. They had seen this mysterious stranger. But they had sworn to the sear. Could it be possible that the stranger's face bore such a mark?

I determined to edge my way to him in the crowd and accidentally knock off his sombrero in order to look for the

When I reached that side of the building the man was gone. I made every effort to find him, but finally gave it up. He had either left the room or had shifted his position, keeping other persons between us so as to screen him from my view. As it was growing dark four tallow candles were lighted, but the gloomy

stone walls made the room look almos as dark as ever. I was wondering what would be the outcome of the case, when the lights were suddenly blown out, "Keep in your places!" shouted an

"Order in the palace of jusalguazil. The candles were relighted, and then was beheld such a scene as has rarely ever been beheld in a court-room or

anywhere else. In front of the alcalde's bench stood two scar-faced men as much alike as two brown peas. "Merciful saints!" ejaculated an alguazil. "Do I see double, or are

there two Franciscos?" "It is the work of the devil," suggested a pious old man, as he crossed himself My friend, the old alcalde, put on his spectacles and looked sharply at

the two men. "Francisco!" he called. Each of the two men gave a jerk of his head and answered to the name. "Let the American senor take the

stand," ordered the alcalde, In response to the questions put to me I admitted that I could not point out the real Francisco. Three witnesses called to establish the alibi were recalled. They shared my bewilderment, and could throw no

light upon the case. The alcalde scratched his head. Then he touched one of the doubles with his "Francisco," was the reply.

"Your residence and occupation?"
"I have none. I am traveling The alcalde turned to the other man. What is your name?" ·Francisco.

Your residence and occupation?" have none. I am traveling The same answers, delivered in the very voice and manner of the first-Seeing the alcalde's embarrassment.

went to him and suggested that he

imprison both men until the matter ould be looked into. "I cannot do it," he said. "One is innocent. If I imprison him I shall lose my place. Besides, the twelve hours will soon expire, and without satisfactory evidence I must turn them

I hinted that it was all a put up job; that Francisco probably had a twin to get into a doze, and was succeeding brother, who had arranged to have the when the alcalde rushed into my room lights blown out, and had then, in the darkness, made his way to the prisoner's side, thus confusing matters with the intention of evading justice.

Bewildered Geese. Beetles and moths flutter fatally into the flames of our lamps; and stormdriven swallows and sea-birds dash blindly against the lighthouses on the coast, and fall dead upon the rocks be-low. A sparrow has been seen to fly into a room in the evening, and per-sistently and painfully seorch its wings by repeatedly flying into the blazing gas; and a ruffled grouse one winter evening was known to fly headlong through a pane of glass into the hall of a house in a thickly-settled village, Doubtless records of innumerable similar instances could be collected but it is not often that a whole flock of wild geese startle a man so strangely as the flock thus described in the Hartford

Among the many 'folk-lore' weather

heories-the goose-bones, the muskrathouses, and the husks on the cornthere is one, directly connected with the flight of the wild geese, in which some observers seem inclined to believe. If the geese generally come down from their hyperborean solitudes very early, say before the end of October, it is held to indicate an early setting-in of winter, and a hard and long one, too. If, on the other hand, they make their southward emigration late. toward the close of November, and come scattering along at irregular inervals, the fact is regarded as indicatng a more 'open' winter. If this idea has any foundation in fact, this winter ought to be a good one to test it. Neyer have the geese acted so unreasonably or so strangely. Beginning their migration with a few flocks at the close of October, they seem to have kept it up in a scattering, irregular way, until he present time, about the middle of December. During the driving snow-storm of Tuesday, Dec. 7. a large flock of these migrating birds was reported as coming down, blinded and confused by the snow, into a farmer's orchard in Litchfield county, between New Hartford and Winsted, Attracted by the din they made, the owner went out and found a flock of wild geese blindly flapping and flopping about in the thickly-falling snow, and one, which was knocked down by flying against the limb of an apple-tree, he succeeded in capturing, while the rest got up and off again. But the flock had evidently lost their bearings in the thick, driving storm. The queer thing seemed to be that any flock of geese should be such geese as to tarry in the far north so late in December. Usually they come the great body of them, a full month earlier, flying over Connecticut before the middle of November. -- Swiss Cross.

Bloodthirsty Girls.

A prominent feature in any Apache village are the children, who are unkempt little savages, but are much handsomer in childhood than in mature life. The care of the male children devolves upon the man, who carefully educates them to emulation and practice in deeds of blood, including the art of scientific torturing. So well are these lessons taught that the Apache boy, at an early age, is ambitions and fitted to go on the warpath. Some of the most daring deeds in Apache warfare have been performed by boys who were emulous to earn their title to

The girl is taught the rude domestic erts and lessons of labor, but her eduation in barbarity is not a whit less horough than that of the boy. The fate of the captive among the Apaches has always been most lamentable, but the greatest cruelty both to men and women have been perpetrated by the Apache females. A captive woman, ade compulsorily the wife or slave of an Apache warrior, is usually, after the first cruelties of the attending capture, treated by him as well as other women in the tribe, but, in his absence, the captive will be often grievously beaten

y the other wives. . The education of the Apache girl gins with her care of the younger children. She learns to carry water and to go forth to bunt roots, wild fruits, and berries, worms and reptiles, and whatever else goes to make up the Apache cuisine. She is taught to prepare for eating the game or domestic animals used for food brought in by the warriors from their excursions. Much of this animal food being comnon property she learns to make a vigorous fight to secure for her own nousehold the entrails, which are the greatest luxury to the Apache. She bsists largely upon such odds and ends as she can get by stealth or after others have been satisfied, as the special household care is the providing

Novel Way of Identifying Prison

for the wants of the warriors and boys. There is a law in San Francisco. aimed especially at the Chinese, requiring that sleeping apartments shall contain 500 cubic feet of pure air to each occupant. Recently, two San Francisco police officers made raids on two lodging-houses in the Chinese quarter, and arrested forty-seven violators of the law. As a matter of precaution, so that he might be able to identify the prisoners when they came into court, one of the officers marked each with a small sign written with au aniline peucil. When the defendants were brought before the Judge they were represented by counsel, who declared that, as : separate complaint had been filed against each party accused, each would have to be tried separately. The first one called up was found guilty, he having been identified by the small mark on his neck. In the language of the day, the other defendants "got on the mark business," and in a few minutes forty-six Chinamen were each observed wetting the tip of the right index finger with saliva and rubbing the spot where the mark had been. Two more of the defendants were called for trial. but each had to be discharged, as the officer was mable to find the identification mark. The cases of the others were postponed.

A German chemist has invented a new kind of anæsthetie bullet, which he urges will, if brought into general use, greatly diminish the horrors of The butlet is of a brittle substance, breaking directly when it comes in contact with the object at which it is aimed. It contains a powerful anesthetic, producing instantaneously a omplete insensibility, lasting for twelve hours, which, except that the action of the heart continues, is not to in this condition, the German chemist in the same way. I was then living points out, the bodies may be packed like a recluse at Monte Mario. I made in ambulance wagons and carried off her sing my 'Ave Maria.' She sang it

aguin like that. What has become of Dolphus-Dat am a fine turkey yo' her since? She is flead." Liszt pever divulged her name.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS

PUBLISHED EACH THURSDAY, BY S. D HARRIS & BONI

TERMS: If not paid in advance, Six months, in advance.

Kutered at the Post office at Ravenna, Outs

A Word for Pock.

Mrs. Sabin's Nine Adopted Children One of the interesting married ladies cheapest of all meat, roast pork is often in Washington society is the wife of en a rarely used and despised dish, exq. Senator Dwight M. Sabin, of Minnesota. Mrs. Sabin was Miss Ellen Amelia gush cities where pork is the most ex-Hutchins, of Norwich, Conn., of an old pensive ment, a loin costing more pen family of Eastern Connecticut. She is pound than sirloin of beef, where porks very beautiful and popular, and is one sausages are twenty-two cents to twenof the most attractive ladies of the sen- ty-four cents a pound, while beef sauatorial circle. The domestic life of sages (a favorite dish with London Senator and Mrs. Sabin is touchingly working people) are twelve cents to pathetic. Mrs. Sabin was left an or- sixteen cents, pork is looked upon as phan when very young, which created a great treat. It is only because it is a tender place in her heart for children | cheap that it is despised? I know bereft by cruel death of the tender care many believe it to be unwholesome; is

go Herald. Andreas Wakeman, of Vista, Conn., is a mighty hunter, and wonderful stories are told of his skill. One of the last is the effect that the other day his dog ran a red fox into a big pile of stones. While Andreas was trying to capture the fox he spied a gray one in the same hole. He seized the gray one by the hind leg and commenced to pull. The fox finally let go so suddenly that Mr. Wakeman fell over backvard, and as he lay on his back, still holding on to that fox's leg, his dog and a big coon tumbled on top of him. The two foxes, the coon, the dog, and Mr. Wakeman were all tangled up, but in the end the two foxes and the coon were killed, and Mr. Wakeman and his dog were happy.

One of the greatest, enemies of the salmon and the salmon fisheries in Oregon is the sea lion. It is estimated that half the salmon that come into the Columbia River in the early part of the season are captured by these big beasts, which also damage nets to the amount of thousands of dollars. Vast numbers of them congregate at Tillamook rock and at Sealrocks, and it is suggested that dynamite be used to force them to seek other localities.

The President and his official adcreasing stoutness be has used it in and brought away in a trunk. very moderate quantities. He has no To the London working classes, love for the stronger drinks, and con- roast leg or loin of pork stuffed, is the fines himself almost exclusively to mait next laxury to roast goose, and the nperance woman, and does not drink even the light wines. Secretary Secretary Manning, like the President, is fond of malt liquors, with an oceasional glass of light wines. Secretary Whitney's wine is champagne. He English and Germans, especially the sips all the regular drinks on the table, but invariably saves himself for the champagne. Whitney has grown remarkably stont within the last few months. Certainly no man in the eabinet has been so high a liver as he, ecretary Endicott treats his aristoratic stomach with a choice selection of old and rare wines. He is a connoisseur and his judgment is probably second only to that of Justice Gray of the Supreme Court and Senator Hale both of whom are experts. Both of these gentlemen, however, paled before President Arthur, of whom a cele brated wine merchant said: "He is the finest judge of Madeiras in the country, and his opinion upon other wines is almost as good." Secretary Lamar hasn't any particular liquor. He does not linger over the wine cup, neither does Postmaster-General Vilas but neither will shy a glass of rare vintage. Attorney-General Garland is fond of neither wine nor malt liquors,

little water in it .- Boston Traveller. Ideat and the Ladies.

He drinks plain whisky, with a very

Mme. Janka Wohl contributes to the

International Review, of Florence, some interesting reminiscences of Liszt. She says the abbe was very discreet as regards his lady admirers. Only once did he satisfy her curlosity on this point. "I was working one morning at Lowemberg," said he, "when a card was brought in to me. It contained a name I did not know. The visitor, a fine young Euglishman, entered the room. I fancied I recognized him. He approached me, and whispered word in my ear. I at once detected the voice. I was thunderstruck. 'What have you come here for? Have you run away? Have you left your husband?' She had thrown herself into an armchair, and was laughing outright. This is a nice reception, indeed,' said she; 'it was not worth the while my risking myself as I am doing.' 'But you are ruining yourself,' I exclaimed, fearing somebody would come in. She flew to the piano and began playing. I am your pupil that's all.' And she continued singing, filling the house with her voice. 'For heaven's sake,' I cried, 'hold your tongue. The house is full of people They will come, and you will be recognized.' .What,' she cried, twirling the mustache she had not, if they re cognize me? I will congratulate them. They will have seen worse than I am. Enough of this childishness,' I replied, seriously alarmed; 'tell me what brings you here.' She was a cantatrice of European renown and irre-proachable character." "Malibran?" O, no, she was dead." "Jenny Lind, "She was also dead. then?" heroine was not only watched by a jealous husband who did not deserve the treasure which had fallen to his lot, but also by an infatuated, unscrupnlous admirer, who tracked her like a demon, hoping some day to profit by a fault she might commit. Everybody knew this, and I trembled for her. I had met her occasionally, admired her greatly, but you know never coveted the moon. To sum up, I could scarcely believe my eyes on seeing her there, disguised as a young man, calm and candid, as if she were paying me an ordinary visit. However, I persuaded her to go, but not before we had breakfasted together. I promised to call on her, but never went. I have always avoided adventures of this kind: I detest melodrama, particularly in private life. be distinguished from death. While Two years later she came to me again

> A geological survey of Lower California is to be made.

saint. Alas! it will never be sung

In this country, where it is the

of parents and sheltering comfort and not this, too, partly prejudice? There training of home. Having no children are some people certainly who cannot of her own she has taken unto herself a eat pork, but there are also some to liberal family of nine children by adoption for support. These homeless little wholesomeness, I think we ought to ones form an interesting picture of the look at the people who almost live one amount of happiness which a kind and it. The English agricultural populamotherly heart can bring into this tion, the Germans, who in their various world. Two of the little ones, Blanche sausages eat it in all forms. Where and Ethel Raymond, seven and nine are there healthier people than those years old, are the children of the late | English or those Germans? Delegate Raymond, of Dakota. - Chica- the children who, from the time they are weaned, eat daily such fat pork as would make one shudder to think of in English rural districts it is not any occasional, but a steady diet, day after day all the year around. At the roadside, sitting on the mossy banks that flank the fields they are filling, may be

seen laborers with a hunch of bread and a thick slice of pork or of bacom on the top of it, solid fat, and a "thumb piece" (a small piece of bread that the thumb rests on), while they cut down through fat and bread with their knives. This, with perhaps a raw onion and a drink of beer, is their daily dinner year in and year out, but do you suppose they know anything of dyspepsia? I don't think many of them ever heard the word, and one look at the ruddy skin, the strong frames even of their old people will tell you that. Of course the out-door life makes a difference, but the school children are the rosiest and chubbiest. Take at random any group of these pork fed children and there will not be a sickly one among them. When these girls and boys go to

London, as in these days most do, they take places where there is abundant fresh meat, fare such as they never dreamed of, and the one thing they crave is their country pork, not that pork is not eaten in London, but it is expensive, and it is not the "pickled" pork with several inches of fat, they love so well. In the baskets of counmirers are not a unit upon the drink try women visiting city friends, is al-question. Mr. Cleveland likes a glass ways a piece of this pickled pork and plebeian beer, but since his in- sometimes a piece of bacon is packed

liquors. Mrs. Cleveland is a strict working people, if they cannot afford a goose, take pork and sage and onions for Christmas dinner as the next best Bayard likes red wines, and a glass of thing, roast beef or mutton being the good old Burgundy is his delight, usual Sunday dinner and therefore not a "treat." I suppose there are no hardier. healthier races in the world than the

> country people; both are largely pork I should perhaps state that I speak only from observation. I have no cientific knowledge on the subject. Pork takes its place in my family in change with other meats, and we know nothing of dyspepsia, which we might

> do if the American climate made the use of pork unadvisable. Another thing urged against pork is that the pig is an uncleanly feeder, but to one says this of that dainty bird the chicken. Is there any filth a pig would eat that a chicken would not? Do not chickens revel in offal? Can there be a more uncleanly feeder? If it is the food of the animal that unfits it for use, then the chicken must come.

> under that ban. I know have they have never eaten fresh roast pork. If there are any among my readers who do not yet know the excellence of roast leg of pork with the crackling neatly scored and crisped, stuffed with bread, sage, and boiled onions, and eaten with apple sauce, let her buy one, and roast it till it is brown as a chestnut, and perhaps she will thank me for persuading her. Perhaps in her house Mrs. Poyser's "stuffed chine" may come to hold a place of honor as a savory joint to have on hand .- Catherine Owen, in

Good Housekeeping. Odd Antics of Birds.

A relative of mine had a large marsh apou his estate, and here the great cranes made their summer building their curious nests there and rearing their young, says Prof. Holder in the San Francisco Call. The marsh was surrounded by high grass, and it was his practice to creep through and watch the birds unobserved. The antics they went through it would be impossible to describe-now they would caper along in pairs, stepping daintily, with the winning gait of the ideal ex-quisite, lifting their feathers or wings, taking short steps, and gradually working themselves up to a bird frenzy of excitement, when they would leap into the air and over each other's backs, taking short runs this way and that, all for the edification of the females standing by, and finally, after a series of these exhibitions, the different birds selected their mates. Among the birds of the western hemisphere the cock of the rock ranks next to the crane in the strangeness of its evolutions. The bird is confined to South America, and is about the size of a small pigeon; has a bright orange web in the male, with a plume-like arrangement upon the head. It is a proud bird, principally building its nest in rocky places not frequented by man. At the commencement of the breeding season a party of birds, numbering from ten to twenty, assemble, and selecting a clear space among the rocks Now a small bird takes its place in the center and begins to hop about, toss its head, lift its wings, and go through all' the strange movements possible, that appear to be watched with great interest by the rest. When the performer is thoroughly exhausted. I tires to the circle and another bird enters the ring, and so on, until all have been out through their paces, when the pairs probably make their selection. Often the birds are so exhausted after the dances that they can hardly fly, lying panting on the rocks. Near the borders of southern Cali-

fornia is found a bird, called the sunate, that has a strange courtship. It is about the size of a magnie. Daring the mating season four or five, birds collect together and seem to via with each other in the extravagance of now single, in a regular dance, and, by the way of music, uttering loud, discordant squawks. Their long tails, are lifted high in the air during performance, and their entire behavion is remarkable in the extreme.